

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you

Hot. So far aloof, I shall be weary, loue. (goe.)

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer mee directly vnto this question that I shall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler, loue; I loue thee not; I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede? Well, doe not then: for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth question me: Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you, gentle *Kate*: I know you wife, but yet no farther wife, Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are; But yet a woman, and for secrecie, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set forward; to morrow you: Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, among foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very b Humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of D can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Francis*; they take it already vpon their saluation, I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, flatly, I am not proud like *Falstaffe*; but a Co Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call when I am King of *England*, I shall command Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient i ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, th much honor, that thou wert not with mee in this sweet *Ned*: to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I g penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his li shillings and 6. pence, and *You are welcome*, with th dition, *Anon, anon sir, Skore a pint of Bastard in the* or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* com doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I questi Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and do calling *Francis*, that histale to me may bee no. h. ng step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poy. *Francis*.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pomeg